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A GLOUCESTER SKETCH-BOOK  
AND  
SOUVENIR

BY

Louis C. Elson.



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## Dedication.

To B. E.

A quarter-century ago  
These rocky shores we trod.  
Then Eastern Point and Herman's Woe,  
The ocean surge, the sunset's glow,  
Seemed messages from God.

Still do we prize our Paradise  
As when our joys began.  
Mother still opes her starry eyes,  
On Brack's Rock the breakers rise,  
Beyond sleeps Mother Ann.

But as the bells of memory chime  
I tell the tale anew.  
Roses of many a Summer-time,  
Forget-me-nots in prose and rhyme,  
I bind them here for you.



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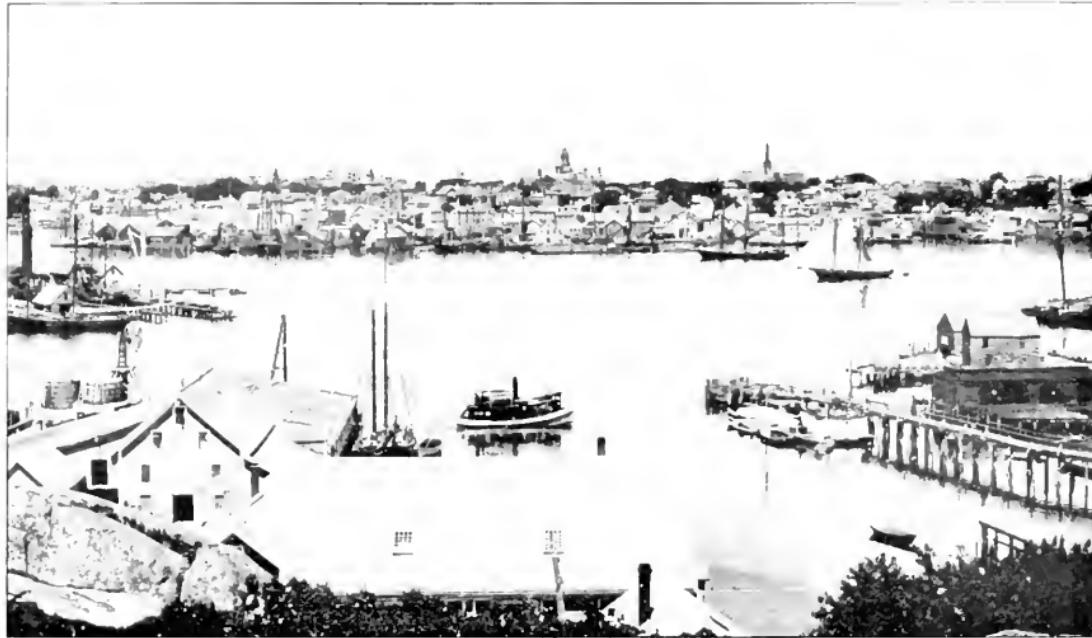
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GLoucester from East Gloucester, showing Inner Harbor

## GLoucester.

BY LOUIS C. ELSON

And these sweeps of shore and sky,  
Of shaded lane and upland free,  
And rocks that like dead Titans lie,  
And shifting pictures of the sea,

It is but right that one should give  
Homage from pencil or from lips,  
For here in weird sea-change we live,  
Our fancies sailing with the ships,

Out in the sunset's fiery glow,  
Out in the mist of stormy wrack,  
'Twixt Eastern Point and Norman's Woe  
They follow in the vessel's track.

To far-off Breton's stormy coast,  
To rocky capes of Labrador,  
The schooners go, a white-winged host—  
Will they return again to shore?

Gloucester is fair, yes wondrous fair,  
For artist's brush or poet's pen;  
Yet still its wealth beyond compare  
Is in its race of sturdy *men*!

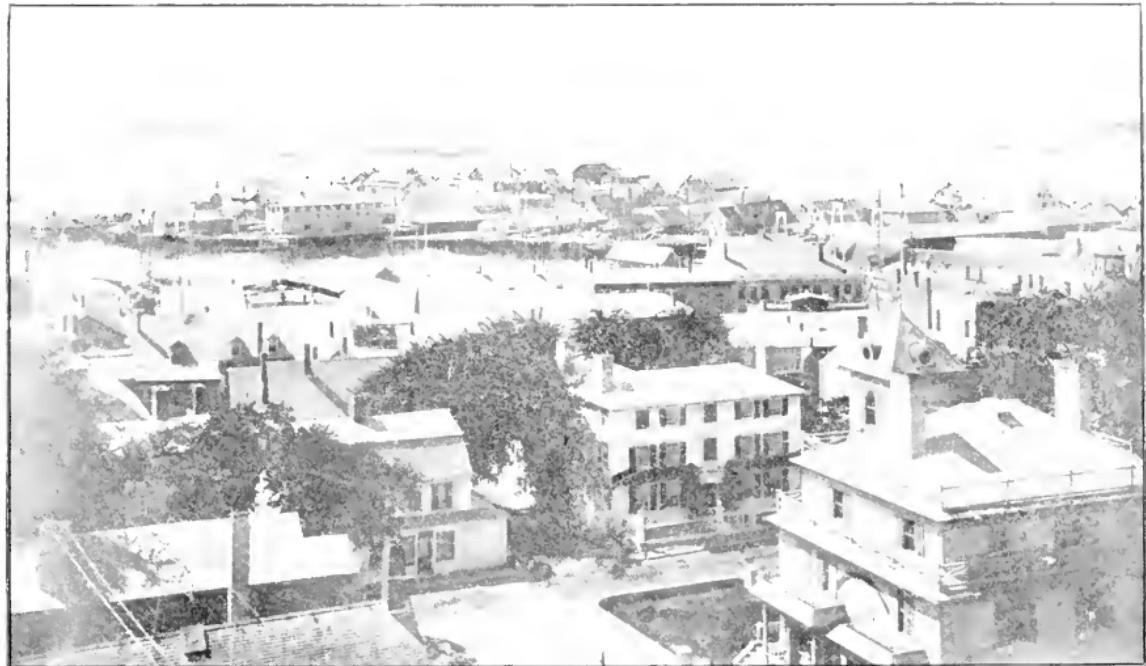
Newtomland's winds are fierce and wild,  
The white fog off a funeral pall  
That emanates from the wife and child  
The man that wins the bread for all.

Oh Sea! guard well the freight you bear!  
Among the lines and nets and darts  
Are tangled Longing and Despair  
And many weary home-kept hearts.

Deep in the night I hear a cry,  
A strange, hard tone, beset with fear;  
Each puff of wind, a widow's sigh,  
Each drop of spray, an orphan's tear.

But every life 's a ship at sea,  
And soon the winds of night are blown;  
Old Mother stern' your children free  
Sing not a mournful minor tone.





GLoucester From City Hall Tower South Showing Outer Harbor.



## A SKETCH OF GLOUCESTER.

IN Old England there existed, and still exists, a quaint and picturesque cathedral town which the old Saxons used to call "Gleoucestre," from the ancient words meaning the "Castle of Glaw;" but I prefer to believe that the name arose from an older British phrase, "Glaw Caer," i. e., "The beautiful City." If the old English town deserved this name, still more does the American city by the sea seem worthy of such an appellation. But it was not always called thus; it had as many different

names, before the Plymouth settlers came here, as a Spanish princess royal.

When Champlain came here in 1605 he called it "*Cap aux Isles*," because he saw the islands now called Straitsmouth, Thatcher's and Milk Island; and he called the harbor "*le Beauport*," and the beautiful bay well deserved the compliment. Subsequently, in 1614, that roving bearer of a numerous name, John Smith, saw these same islands, and desirous of giving the world an object lesson in his

biography, he called them the "Three Turks' Heads" in memory of three Mussulmen whom he had shortened by a few inches in single combat. Then he named the cape back of them "Tragabigzanda" to commemorate the fact that he had won the heart of the Princess of Trebizonda, a combination of heads and heart that was not altogether commendable. A few of the settlers fondly believed that "Tragabigzanda" was the Indian name of the locality, but it is abundantly proved that the aborigines named the cape "Wingaersheek," a name still perpetuated by the beautiful beach shown in the next to last picture in this book. Then came Prince Charles and wiped out the entire proceedings, calling the spot "Cape Anne" in honor of his mother, Anne of Denmark, and so it remains to this day. The Indians probably found the place

too bleak for comfort, and seem never to have had a permanent settlement here, although vast piles of clam shells still attest that they periodically came to Annisquam (see picture), to Russ' Island and to Wingaersheek Beach. There were other voyagers who came to these shores after Capt. John Smith's day, but I need not dwell upon Gosnold and Pring and Thomas Morton of "Merrymount," and the men from Dorchester who tried to found a fishing station here and failed, Mr. White at the close of the attempt commenting on the "ill-choice of the place for fishing"! that same place being now the largest fishing port in the world.

In 1642, in the month of May, there came a set of determined men from Plymouth, and the general court granted them "a plantation" here, which, as many of the men had come from the English

city, was called "Gloucester." How sturdily American the city is, may be seen from the fact that the descendants of the original settlers still are the most prominent citizens. The names of Parsons, Sargent, Conant, Brown, Day, Wonson, Babson (the historian of Gloucester is John A. Babson), Bray, Tarr, Haskell, Eveleth, Robinson, Stevens, Somes, Rowe, Coffin, Witham, and others, may be found prominent to-day as centuries ago in the city records. But there is a certain preponderance of these families now, and the stranger is safe in calling everybody "Tarr," and if that fails, addressing him as "Wonson." It was a mysterious, out-of-the-way plantation in the 17th century, and one can read in an early account of the place that "lions have been seen at Cape Anne," a remarkable fact which I recommend to zoologists, who must not forget,

however, that New England rum was sold "at Cape Anne" at the same epoch. The names of the localities on the Cape have changed as little as the names of the residents. In the harbor are "Five-pound Island" and "Ten-pound Island," and there they were in 1644, for Wm. Vinson received a grant of the first then, and the second was set apart for the pasturing of *rams*, the ancient Glosterian believing in the poetical injunction—"Butt me no butts!"

Thacher's Island was called so from 1635, although then it received the name of "Thacher's Wo" (see subsequent poem) for Anthony Thacher's ship went down Aug. 14 in that year on Crackwood's Ledge, and all his children were drowned, as well as the entire family of Rev. John Avery (commemorated by Avery's Rock not far away).

and all the crew. Nor was this the only "woe" on the cape, for just across Gloucester Harbor (in the old days this was called part of the cape) is "Norman's Woe," a most dangerous reef, whose name puzzles the historian. It is a fact that a certain Richard Norman dwelt in Essex before 1682, and that he departed on a voyage from which he never returned, but it is not quite certain that he was shipwrecked on this reef. There have been, however, enough wrecks there to justify Longfellow's poem.

The "cut" or canal, which unites Massachusetts and Ipswich bays, is almost as old as the town of Gloucester which was made thereby into what Mrs. Malaprop would call a "dissolute island," a name which, unfortunately, is somewhat applicable in modern times. But the antiquarian may find the

largest number of relics of the olden days towards Annisquam, and on Russ' Island he may discern remains of the old colonial road to Boston. The late Mr. E. M. Chamberlain often took me to the traces of this road and we even discovered the cellar hole of the old tavern which at one time furnished the weary colonial traveller with spirituous comfort. One odd relic of this road is a gate in a fence, far away from any house; this gate is required to be "kept open forever," for the convenience of travellers to the city; the road is gone, but the gate and the legal restriction remains.

I fancy that the old cellar could tell many tales of revelry if it could speak, for those were the days of hard drinking, when the Gloucester citizens were obliged to curb the expenses of their selectmen in the matter of punches and grog, the days when



GLoucester from Stage Fort, showing Pavilion Beach.



every schooner was baptized by breaking a bottle of rum over the bows at the launching. And this city was the birthplace of the schooner, too, for when the new-rigged craft, which Capt. Andrew Robinson had built in 1713, was launched, a bystander cried, "Oh! how she schoons!" (schooning being to skip along as a flat stone skinned on the surface of the water) and the captain accepted the name of "schooner" as a good omen for his new boat, and by this name all of her successors have gone.

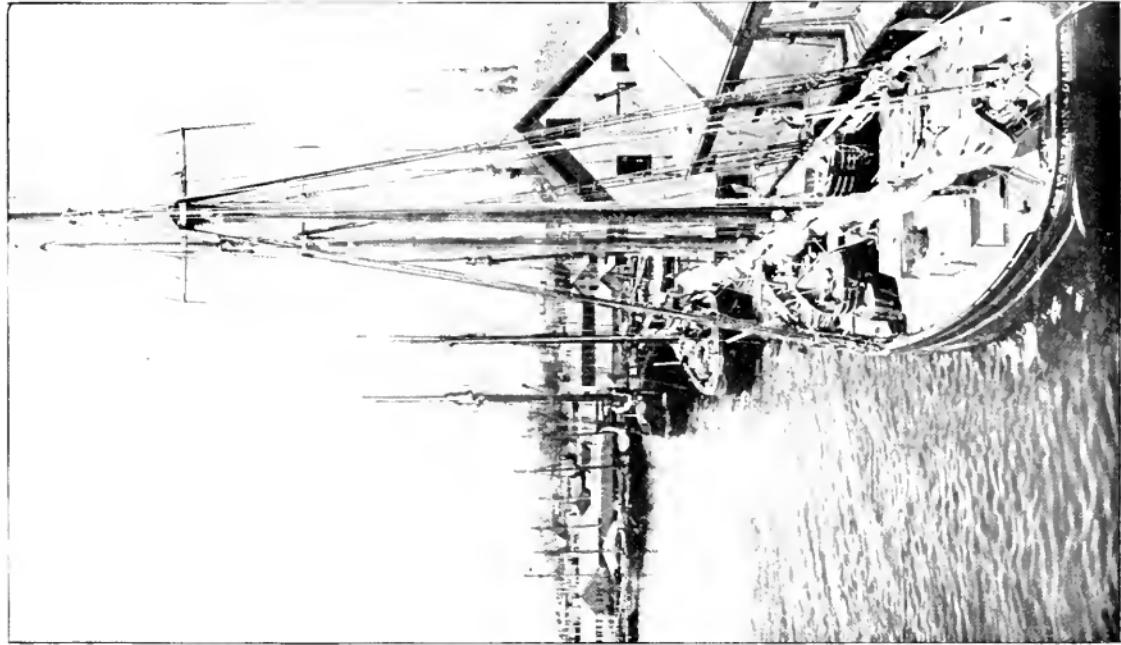
Of course the old plantation was a Puritan stronghold at first, and Rev. Dr. Blynnman, who came the first year from Plymouth, was of the orthodox faith, but there seem to have been dissensions enough, as indeed there were throughout the whole religious world of New England in the early days,

The Puritans, while fighting Rome with cordial and united animosity, reserved the divine right of quarrelling among themselves, and poor Dr. Blynnman had but a sorry time of it. His successor's salary was \$60 a year, but this was to be paid in food and articles of produce, such as "Indian corn, pease, barley, fish, mackerel, beef or pork," and the parishioners at times took such advantage of the trade that a commission was appointed to see that the articles given were not unfit "to pass from man to man." At a later period (in 1767) Rev. John Wyeth had a still more unpleasant experience, for the opponents to his pastorate occasionally fired musket balls into his house because he had not the prim dignity which they associated with clerical deportment in those formal days. A little later there began here a new creed, which was destined to

spread over a large part of the country. Rev. John Murray came to Gloucester in 1771, at the invitation of the Sargent family, and in their house, in that year, was planted the first seed of Universalism in America (see picture of oldest Universalist church in America—No. 5 in this book). Of course, in spite of a blameless and charitable life, the rancoir of religious hatred reached him, and even personal violence and mob law were threatened. The preacher who first taught the Methodist creed in Gloucester received a like welcome, and the tangle of religious quarrelling and ecclesiastical law suits extends from the advent of Dr. Blynnan, at the foundation of the town, to very recent times.

Gloucester, however, was not so badly tainted with the persecution of witches as its neighbor, Salem, a little further down the coast. Yet it did

not escape the madness altogether. Abigail Somes, a daughter of one the early settlers, was taken to Boston on the awful charge, but was finally allowed to go. Ann Dolliver, wife of Capt. William Dolliver of Gloucester, was accused, but also escaped death. Witch-finders were called to Gloucester, and sent four women to prison, but none of them were hanged. Ghosts of Frenchmen and Indians were sent to this city by witches, as Cotton Mather tells in his "Magnaia," but the most peculiar case of all was connected with the siege of Louisburg. There were several Gloucester soldiers in the victorious army of the North and some of these had aroused the anger of old Peg Wesson before their departure. Just before they left this city, the old witch (so the story goes) told them she would have her vengeance on them when they got to Louis-



AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE VICTORIANA PLANT, BOSTON, MASS.



burg. While they were in camp there they observed a huge crow flying around them; many attempts to shoot or to capture it were in vain, when suddenly one of the men remembered the prophecy and decided that it must be Peg Wesson. He knew then that only a bullet of precious metal could harm the witch. He therefore took his silver sleeve buttons and fired them at the bird, which fell to the ground wounded.

Now follows the marvel of it all : Peg Wesson at the same moment fell down in Gloucester with a broken leg, and when the doctors examined the wound, the identical sleeve buttons which had been fired in Louisburg dropped out. But why poor Peg should have acted so foolishly, or what she expected to gain by flying around the soldiers in her bird-shape, the history does not tell, yet Mr. Babson

(the historian of Gloucester) assures us that there were many who firmly believed in the story even recently, and to that statement I can add the fact that I have known Gloucester fishermen who thoroughly believed in witches and nailed a horseshoe on the masts of their vessels as a protection against them. But if I were to tell of the present superstitions of the Gloucester fishermen that I have known, I should require almost a volume ; here are a few, however:

If you accidentally drop a cake of ice overboard when preparing for the fishing trip, you will have good luck and a full fare.

If you turn a hatch bottom up, or drop it into the hold, you will meet the direst misfortune through the trip, and may be glad if you see land again.

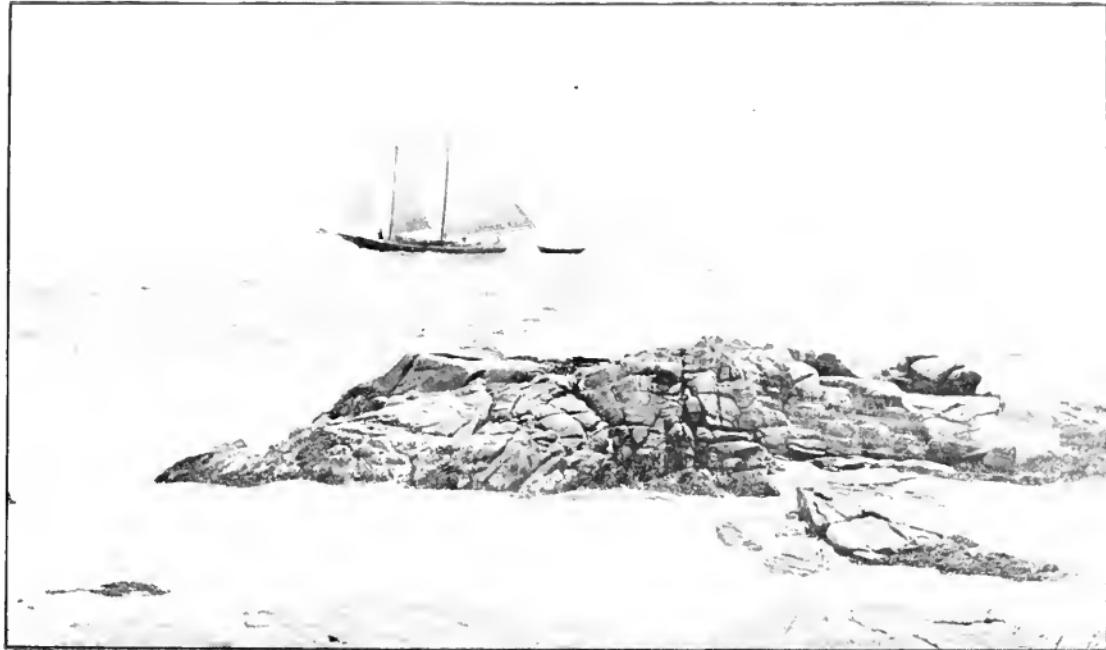
If you watch a ship out of sight you will never see it again.

If a man comes on the vessel with a black valise, he is a "Jonah"; have nothing to do with him, and don't let him ship with you.

"Sunday sail, never fail,  
Friday sail, ill luck and gale."

Yet the competition between the fishermen has now grown so keen that I have seen many a schooner start out on Friday, particularly if it happened to be a fair day after a long storm. The belief in "Jonahs," that is, unlucky people, is ineradicable from the fisherman's mind, and there are the strangest instances of ships "losing their luck" when certain men sailed on them, and regaining it when they left. One man "hoodooed" three schooners in this manner one year.

Most glorious and brilliant was Gloucester's share in the Revolution. Before it began the people here were as excited as those of Boston. There was not a "tea-party" or a Crispus Attucks riot here, but the agitation had its earnest and its comical sides, too. Gloucester was an admirable place for smuggling in those days, and of course, the inhabitants sympathized with any attempt to evade the payment of duties to the crown. A schooner had arrived from abroad and had half unloaded, when the English authorities sent the customs officer to appraise the cargo. There was at the "Cut" a small watch-house which had been erected in the time of a smallpox scare to detain any strangers at quarantine. The old watchman, John McKean, started at once for this station, and when the official came in sight he at once took him in custody, in pursu-



SURF AND ROCKS, NEAR BASS ROCKS



ance of his ancient orders, and, although there had been no smallpox for a number of years, he gave him a 10 hours' fumigation, and when he let him go there were as few foreign goods in sight as there were smallpox germs upon his person.

Soon after came Bunker Hill, and two companies of Gloucester men were in the battle, Capt. Warner's company coming up at a run, just in time to participate. But more characteristic was the adventure of the British sloop of war Falcon, which, endeavoring to land a boat at Coffin's Beach to capture some sheep, was so fired upon by a few men from an ambushed position that they made a hasty retreat, thinking that there were 100 soldiers in ambush instead of five fishermen. When, finally the Falcon entered Gloucester Bay and began to bombard the town, the citizens gave them so warm a

reception that they were glad to give over the attempt. Deacon Kinsman's hog was killed in the bombardment, but there was no other serious calamity. The bill at Prentiss's tavern against the town that night, according to Babson, was for 13 buckets of toddy, five suppers and two quarts of rum, therefore we may surmise that the town had at least a headache on the morning after the fight.

The Yankee Hero had poorer luck, although it was manned by Gloucester sailors. It was a privateer, and just off the Cape discovered an awkward merchantman which gave promise of being a good prize, but when they were about to board, the Americans discovered two rows of cannon levelling death at them, and were forced to surrender to the British frigate Maford, which had been masquerading to some purpose. In the War of 1812 there

were Gloucester men assisting in Hull's victory, when the Constitution defeated the frigate Guerriere.

Even in the revolutionary times, three-fourths of Gloucester's male population were seafaring, and not only battles but storms took toll of the inhabitants. The great storm of Gloucester occurred Dec. 15, 1839 (see article connected with the picture of Norman's Woe—No. 22), when a fierce south-easter swept the bay, which is not a harbor of refuge when the wind is in that quarter, and all the way from Norman's Woe to Pavilion Beach, the coast was strewn with bodies and with wreckage. But there was a greater storm than this for Gloucester, although it occurred far away. It was a Sunday in August, 1873, that a gale swept down upon Cape Breton, the like of which had never been

known there before, and many of the Gloucester fishermen were victims to its fury, while in their own city the day was peculiarly peaceful and the weather fine. One must read Stedman's grand poem, one must see the twisted trunks still lying in some of the Cape Breton forests, to know of the "Lord's Day Gale," as it is still called.

"On reef and bar our schooners drove  
Before the wind, before the swell;  
By the steep sand-cliffs their ribs were stove—  
Long, long their crews the tale shall tell!  
Of the Gloucester fleet are wrecks three score;  
Of the Province sail two hundred more  
Were stranded in that tempest fell.  
The bed-time bells in Gloucester Town  
That Sabbath night rang soft and clear;  
The sailors' children laid them down.  
Dear Lord! their sweet prayers couldst Thou hear?  
'Tis said that gently blew the winds;  
The goodwives through the seaward blinds,  
Looked down the bay and had no fear."

Yet however many victims the sea may claim, there are always new ones to take their places in



EASTERN POINT LIGHT AND MOTHER ANN



the procession that leads towards the ocean grave. I have said that the city is distinctively American, and so it is as regards its leading and influential citizens, but the toilers of the sea are many of them Swedes and Portuguese. If the visitor will step into the post office he will find many foreign letters, in a glass case, awaiting their claimants, some of whom will never more come for friendly messages. Portuguese or Swedish names are on them all, and it is at times humorous to notice the struggle of the writers to encompass the spelling of "Gloucester." Here are a few specimens taken during recent times:—

"Glochester," "Glosom," "Glosthire," "Quipano" and "Capani," the last two meaning "Cape Ann."

There are noble charities—or let us leave out the

more debasing word—and call them *benevolences*—now, owing to help the sailors, and many summer visitors have helped these generously.

Gloucester has had its chroniclers, too, in recent days: just as Charles Reade gave a graphic picture of the life of the Newhaven (Scotland) fishermen in his "Christie Johnstone," so Mrs. Phelps-Ward, and Messrs. Kipling and Connolly have done in books picturing Gloucester life. The fishermen themselves think that Connolly's pictures are the most faithful, and, as almost every vessel mentioned in "Captains Courageous" has met with misfortune or shipwreck, they have come to regard Rudyard Kipling as a Jonah!

Anyone moving much among Gloucester citizens will be struck by their independence and fearless ways; there is a definite type of Gloucestrian, which

is more than can be said of many other cities. After the visitor has visited the beautiful natural scenes illustrated in this book, it would be of interest to study the busy and very characteristic life of the place. A stroll on the wharves, a look on board of

a fishing schooner, a visit to Main St. at about 8.30 Saturday night, and a look at the same locality on the eve of the Fourth of July, will convince him that Gloucester is one of the most characteristic cities of America.

Louis C. Elson.







C - H  
H. S. -

P - R  
P. R.

O - C  
O. C.

C - H  
H. S. -

## UNIVERSALISM IN AMERICA

FIRST BEGAN IN GLOUCESTER.

In our sketch of the history of Gloucester we have stated that the Rev. John Murray began preaching Universalism in Gloucester, in 1774. It is generally supposed, and sometimes printed, that Boston had the first church of this denomination, but the statement is an error. The date of Gloucester's formal beginning in this creed was 1779, when 69 persons drew up "Articles of Association" as an "Independent Christian Church of Christ, resolved by God's grace to meet together, whether blessed with the public preaching of the word or not, to meet together to supplicate the Divine favour, to praise our redeeming God, to hear His most holy word and freely to communicate whatever God shall please to manifest to us for our mutual

edification", and they further agreed to ordain as their minister "their christian brother, John Murray, from a full conviction that the same God that sent the first preachers of Jesns Christ, and that the same gospel they preached, we have from time to time received from him."

In 1796 (five years before the church in Boston was purchased according to the claims above mentioned) they erected a house of worship at the corner of Main and Water Streets, which was dedicated Christmas day.

The lot of land occupied by the present church, was purchased in 1805, and the present house of worship was erected during that and the succeeding year and was dedicated October 9, 1806.

## THACHER'S LIGHTS.

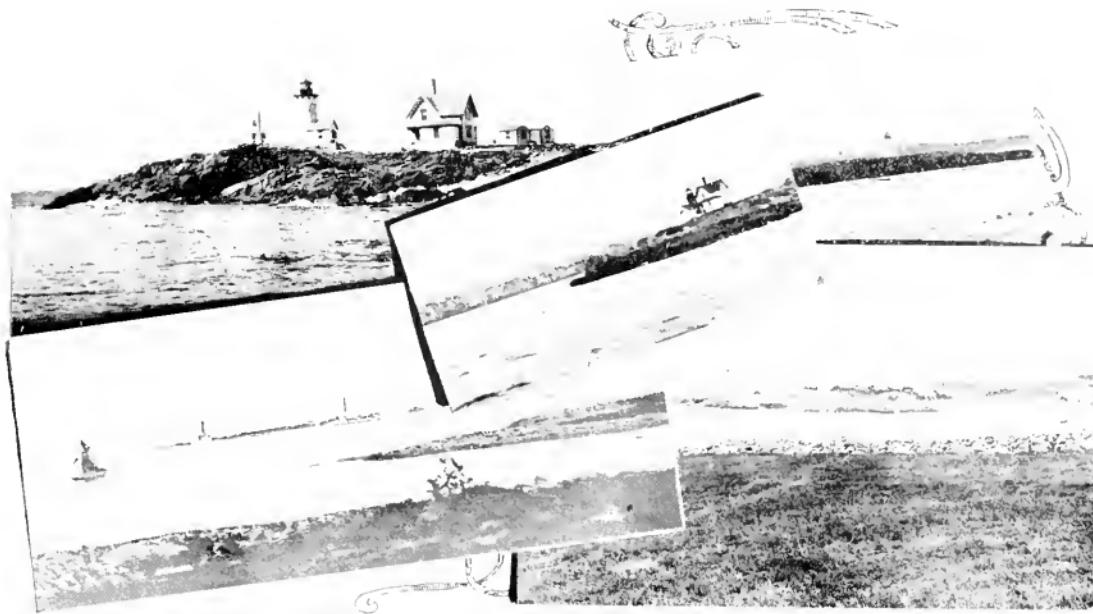
BY LOUIS C. ELSON.

Wide, wakeful eyes that look out o'er the sea!  
They note the billows at their treach'rous play,  
They watch the fishing schooners sail away  
With sound of careless mirth and revelry,  
And gaze, foreboding, o'er the tranquil sea.

Deep, thoughtful eyes that guard the dang'rous tide!  
The winter's spume, the summer's lazy swell,  
Pass in their turn the sleepless sentinel;  
"The shore is granite, and the ocean wide!"  
Uneasing say the eyes that guard the tide.

Blank, staring eyes, the vacant eyes of Death!  
The sailor groping through the swirl of snow,  
Sees the veil rent, and looks on Thacher's woe,  
Whispers a half-formed prayer beneath his breath  
And goes to meet those staring eyes of Death!

Soft, tender eyes, the loving eyes of Home!  
The south-bound skipper, in the length'ning nights,  
Sweeps the horizon line for Thacher's lights,  
No stars so welcome to him in the dome,  
As those twin-lights, the loving eyes of Home!



Eastern Point Light  
Cape Ann Lights, Thacher's Island

\*Ten Pound Island and Light

Straitsmouth Island and Light,  
Rockport  
Annisquam Light.

\*Used by the courtesy of the Publisher at the Illustrated Coast Pilot.





HAWTHORNE INN AND ITS COTTAGES, EAST GLOUCESTER.





OLD MOTHER ANN EAST GLOUCESTER.



## MOTHER ANN.

BY LOUIS C. ELSON.

Before the gate of Gloucester  
Where spray and surges sweep,  
Upon the cliffs of granite  
A woman lies asleep.

There has she lain in slumber  
While countless seasons ran;  
A sphinx of endless ages  
Not carved or thought by man.

In summer, briar roses,  
In autumn, golden-rod,  
With varied tints embroider  
Her couch—the scanty sod.

She heeds not springtime's fragrance,  
She notes not summer's balm,  
But lies beside the ocean  
In an unruffled calm.

Yet when November's storm-wind  
Begins its maddened chase  
She has a look of sorrow  
And tears are on her face.

She dreams about her children,  
Out on the cruel deep,  
And 'mid the gale's wild howling,  
She murmurs in her sleep.

Her sons, the staunch sea-rovers,  
How swift they homeward ride,  
Like children seeking safety  
Close to their mother's side.

And in the morning sunlight  
All tempest-fears are gone,  
And Gloucester dreads no danger,  
While Mother Ann sleeps on.

## AMATEUR FISHING vs. PROFESSIONAL.

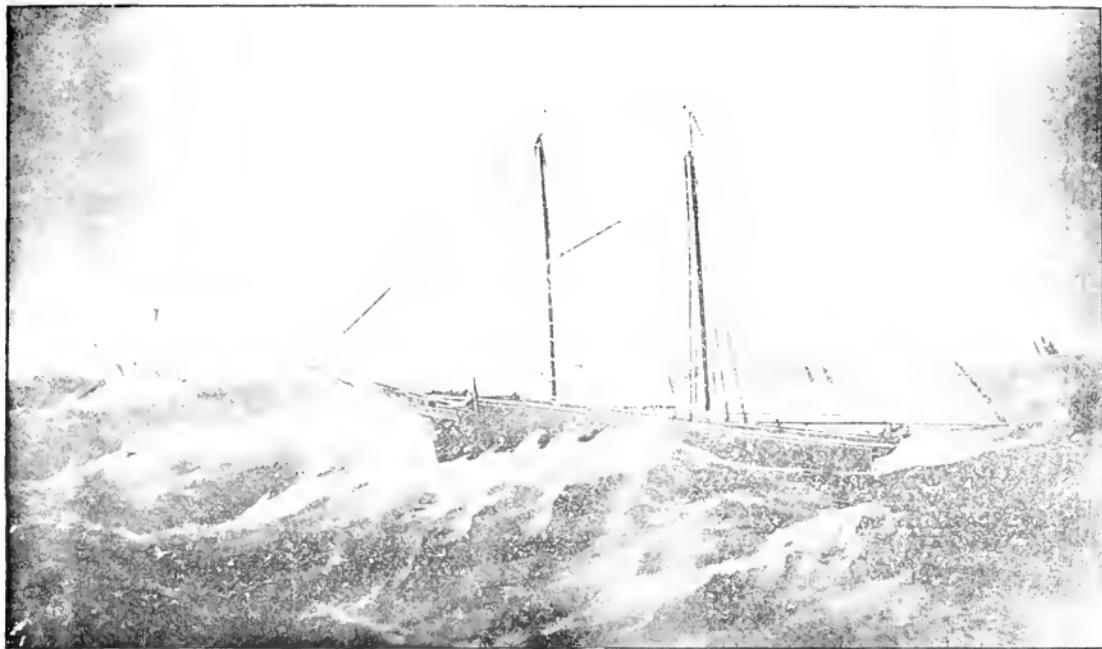
The regular fisherman has been described fully enough by Kipling, Connolly and Mrs. Phelps-Ward. The opposite picture may show the style of schooner in which he carries on his work and the surroundings of a "banker"—who has no connection with Wall Street or State Street!

Amateur deep-sea fishing is quite "another story."

After repeated expeditions to the nearer fishing grounds I feel competent to advise piscatorial neophytes, especially since the average fisherman often misleads the average summer-boarder. The fish bite best in the early morning; three o'clock a.m. is not too early in the day to set forth.

The best bait is small mackerel, herring, alewives or squid; clams are a delusion for deep fishing.

All fishers are misogynists; if you take the summer girl fishing each codfish will result in shrieks; a sculpin will cause the lady who catches him to reach G in altissimo with ease; and the party will start three hours late. There is some masculine revenge possible. For example, when you notice some fair damsel growing a greenish white you can ask her, "Why is your breakfast like a conundrum that cannot be guessed?" or, if she is from the South, you can inquire whether Texans ever do really eat molasses with their pork!



FISHING SCHOONER ON GEORGES.



There is one charm in Gloucester off-shore fishing; you never know what your line is likely to bring up. If you draw up something that feels as if you had caught an open umbrella at the bottom of the sea—that is a skate, which the fishermen throw away, although the best chef in Boston assured me that their fins are more excellent than the best green turtle. If it is a fish that comes up blushing rosy red, it is a bream. On one fishing trip recently a sea-mouse was followed by a catfish, and this was succeeded by a dogfish; but a sea-lemon (a strange submarine ball) was not as appro-

priately followed by any other ingredients for a sea-punch.

The dogfish was of some interest, for he is the wolf of the sea; precisely like the shark in shape, he is much smaller, running from one to about fifteen pounds. He bites at anything. Sailors have told me of dogfish swallowing the cinders thrown overboard from the cook's galley with avidity, and let one of the pack be wounded never so slightly, his brethren at once devour him. As with wolves, a single one will not attack a man, but a swimmer, in a school of dogfish, would be eaten piecemeal.

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

At a meeting of the Essex Institute and the Manchester Historical Society held Aug. 18th, 1893, the following points regarding Longfellow's celebrated poem were discussed:

Hon. Abden P. White of Salem read "The Wreck of the Hesperus," prefacing the reading with some remarks showing Longfellow's inception of the poem, which was first published in "The New World," a periodical published in New York and edited by Park Benjamin, the author being paid \$25 for it. The origin of the writing of the ballad is shown by the following extracts from Longfellow's diary:

"December 17, 1839—News of shipwrecks horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of the wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe, where many of them took place, among others the schooner Hesperus, also the Sea Flower on Black Rock. I must write a ballad upon this, also upon two others, "The Skeleton in Armor," and "Sir Humphrey Davy."

"December 30, 1839—I wrote last evening a notice of Allston's poem, after which I sat till 12 by my fire smoking, when suddenly it came into my mind to write "The Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus,"



NORMAN'S WOE, MAGNOLIA.



which I accordingly did. Then I went to bed but not to sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I then went to bed and fell asleep. I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines, but by stanzas."

Regarding the claim that no such schooner as the *Hesperus* ever existed save in the poet's imagination, Mr. White read extracts from the Gloucester records and the following report from the Boston Daily Advertiser of December 17, 1839, showing that the *Hesperus* was actually in the storm at Boston, and that the body of a woman was washed ashore, lashed to a mast, at Gloucester, and from these facts the poem was constructed:

"Further particulars of the gale.—The gale, of which we gave some account yesterday, continued up to midnight, when it suddenly lulled. During the last hour it seemed even more violent than at any previous time. To-day the wind has been high from about N. with snow. It is agreed on all hands that since the gale of September, 1816, we have not had in this quarter so severe a gale.

"In our harbor (we learn in part from Messrs. Topliff's Reading Room) sch. *Hesperus* of Gardiner from Pittston at anchor in the stream, parted her chain, drove against ship *William Badger* of Portsmouth, north side of Rowe's wharf, parted her fasts and both drove up across the dock their broadside to the sea; the schooner carried away her bowsprit and stove her bow. The ship had her side badly

chafed and the end of her jibboom stove in the upper window of the four story brick store on Rowe's wharf.

"From Gloucester we learn that of a large number of coasting schooners and sloops which had put into Cape Ann harbor when the storm came on, and for the most part anchored in the outer harbor, twenty went ashore, and sixteen of that number went to pieces, many lives were lost, as seventeen bodies had already been taken up on the beach. One of these is reported to be a female who was lashed to the bitts of the windlass of a Castine schooner, two others of the crew also perished. Among the vessels on the beach were the Splendid

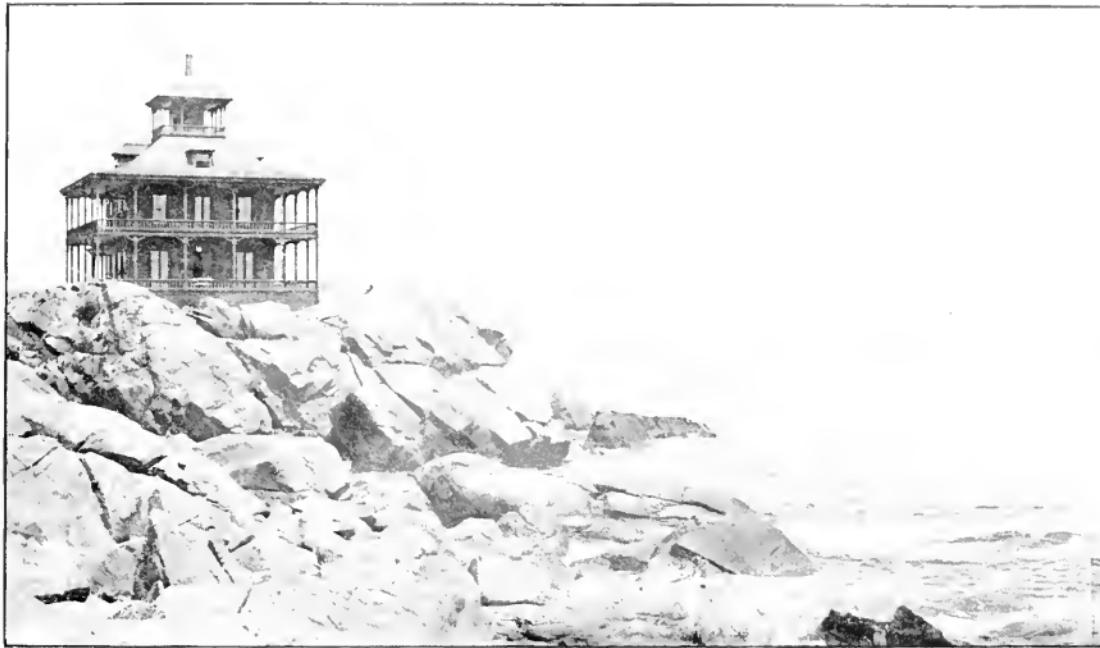
of 8—, lumber laden, and the Mary & Eliza of Belfast.

"The place where most of these vessels struck was a reef of rocks called Norman's Woe, between which and the beach there was a strip of water, so that the chance of saving life by the unfortunate mariners driven upon them was very slight. There is another report from Gloucester that upwards of twenty more bodies had come ashore. The sea broke with such fury upon the beach that no boats could venture near the stranded vessels to save their crews. Of the crews of the vessels which went to pieces, a quarter part probably perished."



SURF NEAR BRACE'S ROCK, EAST GLOUCESTER.





BASS ROCKS, EAST GLOUCESTER, WITH JUDGE SHERMAN'S COTTAGE





GRANITE QUARRY AT ROCKPORT.





LONG BEACH, ROCKPORT.





TREE IN ROCK, ROCKPORT ROAD.





PIGEON COVE AND SHORE.





ANNISQUAM POINT AND BRIDGE





WILLOW ROAD, RIVERDALE.





MAGNOLIA POINT EAST, WITH BEACH, HOTELS, ETC.





SHORE VIEW FROM RAFE'S CHASM, SHOWING MAGNOLIA POINT.



RAFE'S CHASM, MAGNOLIA







WINGAERSHEEK BEACH, WEST GLOUCESTER.



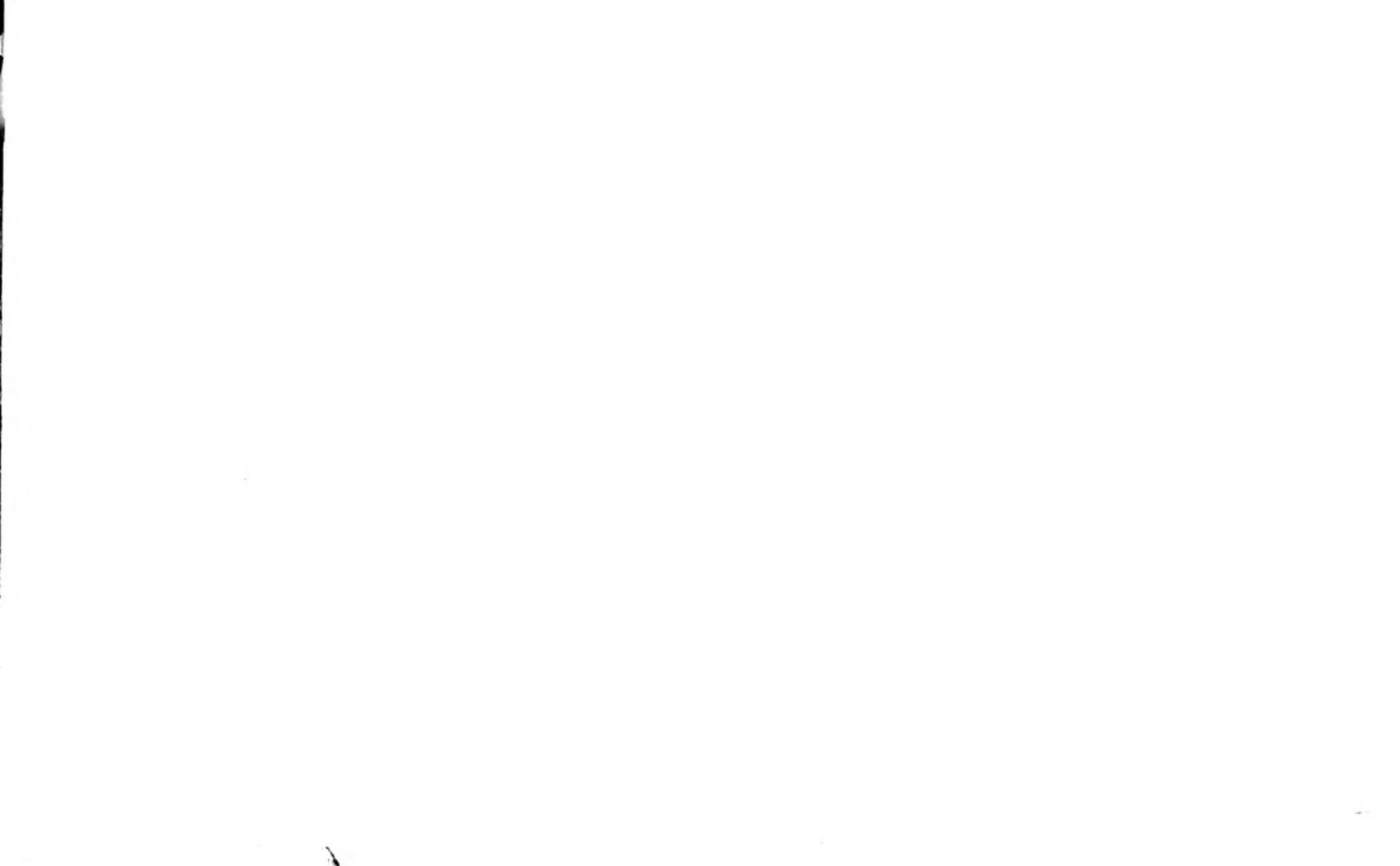


VIEW FROM WILLOUGHBY PARK, WEST GLOUCESTER.













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